Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies,
Bassia. Lauinia, how say you? (more.
Lauinia. I say no: I haue bene broad awake two houres &
Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.
Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.
Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheerefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke their yelowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposde
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and hornes, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurses song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.
Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen then rests in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted scrowle,
Now question me no more we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus *and* Lauinia

Tamora. Ah my sweete *Moore*, sweeter to me then life!